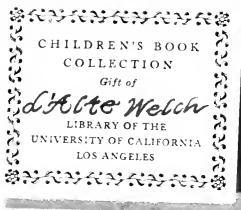




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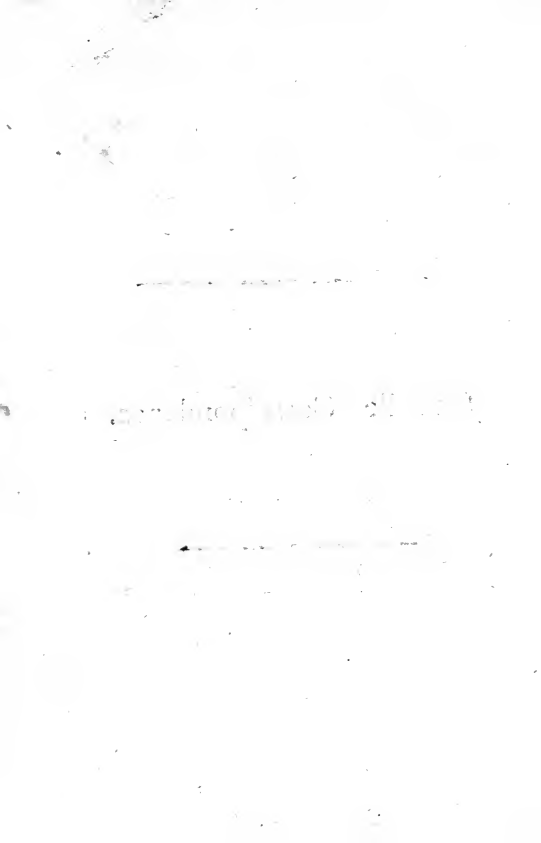
EMI-9

By Lady Fenny

Bartholomew Edward
September 28th
1200



Juvenile Correspondence.



Juvenile Correspondence;

O R,

L E T T E R S,

SUITED TO

C H I L D R E N,

F R O M

FOUR TO ABOVE TEN YEARS OF AGE.

I N

T H R E E S E T S.

S E C O N D E D I T I O N.

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by JOHN MARSHALL and Co. at No. 4,
ALDERMARY CHURCH YARD, in BOW-LANE.

Journal of the Correspondence

of the

of the

DEDICATION.

T O

MRS. W-----.

DEAR MADAM,

A Friendship so sincere, as
ours, and which has
subsisted so long as ours has
done, does not depend upon a
Dedication for its continuance.

A 3

Yet

Yet it appears that people are fond of addressing those whom they love upon such an occasion—and I feel that I am.

O T

I can not dedicate to you your *prime* favorite; because it was engaged from the first; but I think these letters were among those of my little books with which you were pleased; and of which you wished for copies.

Accept

DEDICATION. vii

Accept therefore these, as a token of affection; and help to defend their writer from the imputation of any unworthy motive in allowing them to go to the press.

A *manuscript* is highly favored—people are curious to *see*, what every one can *not see*. It is a virgin daughter, under parental protection.

But a *printed work* is in every body's power, at every body's mercy; all have a right to condemn and abuse what they have purchased, should they think their money ill exchanged for the book.

I know, you are apprehensive for me, that *such* may be the fate of the little works which I have consented to print.

I know

I know that, in such a case, you would be concerned to reflect, that *you* had been in some measure instrumental to my mortification, by expressing a wish for copies of the little tracts, written by,

My dear Madam,

Your affectionate

FRIEND.

DEDICATION.

I know that it is a great
honour to be connected to
you, and that you will be
a great blessing to the
world. I am sure that you
will be a great blessing to
the world, and I am sure
that you will be a great
blessing to the world.

Yours truly,
J. H. H.

1872

1872

P R E F A C E.

I MAY fairly conclude the purchaser of This volume to be interested in the progress of Children—peculiarly interested in their proficiency in the Art of Letter Writing.

To such I mean to address myself.

MADAM,

MADAM,

YOU must have remarked, that your little folk will relate any occurrence in which they have been concerned — any incident that has arisen to interest them, in easy, flowing language.—They will relate such a matter, I say, in a natural, easy manner, by *word of mouth*—but desire them to *write* an account of this same transaction, and it is quite another affair — what a stiffness you observe in their expressions!

Why

Why is this?

Why? but because the first is familiar to them—they do it for their own pleasure—the other is a task.

How can this be remedied?

The answer is obvious—make the letter-writing an amusement—an indulgence—it will then be equally agreeable.

Begin early—before the little creature can hold a pen—allow him (as a gratification) to dictate to you a letter to his absent brother—a letter

to

to his maid above stairs—a letter to any body—let him tell his *own* tale, in his *own* words—the time will soon come, when you may suspend your pen, whilst he thinks how such a phrase might be varied a little—why such a thought had better be expressed in such a manner, &c.

Frequent sports of this kind, will remove all idea of it being a formidable affair to *write* a *letter*—and there is little fear, but he will do it *well* by the time his fingers are fit for the office of writing currently.

I venture to pronounce this—having seen the method succeed to my wishes.

The *receiving* of a letter is such a joy, that there needs little spur to answering it: the sight of such letters as young folk of their *own* age are feigned to have *written* has a great effect—this I have experienced—with this view I offer *these*—may they meet with a candid reception from the public—and it will give pleasure to,

Madam, &c.

The AUTHOR.

... ..
... ..
... ..

[illegible]

2000

L E T T E R S

PASSING AMONG THE

CHILDREN of the FAMILY

O F

G O O D C H I L D.

"Speed the soft Intercourse from Soul to Soul."

POPE.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1911

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Goodchild's Letters, &c.

EXPLANATION.

*M*ISS Goodchild, a little more than seven years of age, was at home, with her papa, mamma, and several children.

Master William, nearly five years old, was at some distance, upon a visit to an uncle and aunt.

LETTER I.

To Master WILLIAM GOODCHILD.

DEAR WILLIAM,

I HAVE just begun to write words.

My mamma has given me a small standish, and I can not use it so as to please myself better than in writing to you.

I shall be glad when you can write, that I may have letters from you; for it is a great pleasure to see the writing of a person whom we love.

Would you think it? I am sitting in a little room full of books, with a desk for reading, and my papers round me, as if I were a woman!—but I am not so silly as to forget, that I am but a little girl—and,

My dear brother,

Your loving sister,

JANE GOODCHILD.

LETTER II.

Master WILLIAM GOODCHILD in Answer.

DEAR SISTER,

I THANK you for your letter.

Indeed I wish I *could* write myself; my aunt is so good as to write this for me.

I take

I take great pains to learn to spell; that when I am fit to use a pen, I may be able to write letters.

I make hay, and I work in my garden.

We have a great many roses; I wish I could send you a nice one, which my uncle gave me just now; for it is very pretty, and very sweet, and I should like to give it to you—as

I am,

Your loving brother,

WM. GOODCHILD.

P. S. My duty to my papa and mamma, and love to my brothers and sisters.

L E T T E R C III.

*Master WILLIAM GOODCHILD to Master
GEORGE GOODCHILD.*

DEAR GEORGE,

I HAVE been in the fair. Mrs. Brown gave me a box, and my aunt gave me a kite, and she bought a

fan for me, to give to little Miss Smyth for her doll.
I will shew them all to you, when you come to see

Your loving brother,

WILLIAM GOODCHILD.

L E T T E R IV.

*Master WILLIAM GOODCHILD to Miss GOOD-
CHILD.*

DEAR SISTER,

I HAVE been at the fair.—I carried a basket for my aunt—we went to a stall where all sorts of toys were sold, and I saw a vast many pretty things; but this is not all—guess why I carried the basket?—That I might have the pleasure to lift up the lid, and put in the things.—Well—but what were the things?—you will see—but I must tell you—they were utensils for the kitchen of your baby-house, at *Goodchild-Hall*.

I had

I had great joy in lifting up the lid each time, because I thought the toys would please you.

I am, dear sister,

Your loving brother,

WM. GOODCHILD.

LETTER V.

*Master GEORGE GOODCHILD, about six Years old,
to Master WILLIAM GOODCHILD.*

DEAR WILLIAM,

OUR brothers are come home for the holidays.

Jack tries to teach me to make letters with a pencil, and *Ned* writes this for me.

Jenny tells me that you love to work in the garden ; sometimes I water that which you have here.

Bartle has got a garden ; and he says, that he will work as hard as I do, when he leaves off his petticoats.

Susan has not a garden of her own yet; but I think she has more flowers than any of us; for we all give to her; and, pretty little dear, she is so pleased! she makes a curtsy, and gives us a kiss, lisping out, "I thank you;" so that it is more joy to us, than to keep them ourselves.

I went in the coach, on *Sunday*, to see *James*.

I hope to see you in the summer—and see your garden, and *Jenny's* baby-house. I think she and I are to come to *Buckham*, with papa and mamma this summer.

I shall jump for joy to meet you. Being,

My dear,

Your loving brother,

G. GOODCHILD.

LET.

L E T T E R VI.WILLIAM GOODCHILD, *in Answer.*

DEAR GEORGE,

I SHALL jump, I do not know how high, when I see you—and I shall run to kiss sister.

I would have laid up a cherry for each of you yesterday, but my aunt told me, that they would be spoiled before you came.

Pray let *Susan* have a pink out of my garden, and a sweet pea, if she be fond of them.

You sent me a long letter.—I have read it so often, that I can almost repeat it all. I like it better than any of my books, because you wrote it to me.

I am, dear George,

Your loving brother,

WILLIAM GOODCHILD.

L E T.

L E T T E R V H.

Master GEORGE GOODCHILD, in London, to

Master WILLIAM GOODCHILD.

DEAR BROTHER,

I HAVE been at the play. I wished very much that you had been with us.

The young princes and princesses were there: you would have been delighted to see their joy.

The play was the *Midsummer Night's Dream*: there were Fairies in it.

The entertainment was full of Fairies; it is called *Queen Mab*.

I liked them both; but I was most pleased with seeing the youngest prince, who was quite transported with pleasure. In the play a man comes in with an ass's head on; and we almost died with laughter at that. The song

“ Come

“ Come follow, follow me,

“ Ye fairy elves that be :

“ Come follow *Mab* your queen,

“ And trip it o'er the green,”

was sung sweetly.—I dare say that many a little heart besides mine danced to the sound.—*Jenny* and I were ready to jump up and join in the chorus—singing,

“ Hand in hand we'll dance around,

“ For this place is Fairy ground.”

I could talk all day of the play.

The princes are sweet children : my papa says, the Theatres will always be thronged when they appear.

Indeed I admire them.—There is no appearance of haughtiness in their manner ; this *Jenny* observed to my mamma ; and she replied, “ No, my dear, our
“ amiable queen takes care to form the minds of her
“ offspring to such behaviour as will render them be-
“ loved : she is herself all engaging condescension ;
“ and she endeavours, by precept and example, to
“ teach them the same endearing manners.”

Her majesty made several curtsies when she was going away—and there was something so winning, so

gracious

gracious in the manner, that I shall never forget it—I felt as if I could venture to love the queen—I hope there is no harm in saying so?—I believe the people thought the same, for the house rang with their hands—papa says, “one clap for the customary curtsy—ten for the condescending manner.”

Oh dear! my paper is full. — Adieu.

LETTER VIII.

JOHN GOODCHILD to WM. GOODCHILD.

DEAR BROTHER,

WE have been to see the *Tower*:

I was very much pleased with the curious arms. *Ned* was delighted with the wild beasts. There were Lions, Tygers, a Bear, and a great Ape, whose tricks would have made you laugh.

Jenny and *George* are at *Littenham*.

Ned

Ned and I went one day to see Mrs. *Wright's* wax-work.

There are figures in wax as large as real people.

In one room there is a child, supposed to be sick : two women are placed as if they were sitting to watch by it : a third is standing by the cradle, as if looking at the child, and one holds up a finger, seeming to mean "*Hush!*"

In another room there were several children in wax ; so pretty, that if they were placed upon a nurse's knee, one should offer to kiss them.—They remind me of sweet little *James* — Adieu.

Yours,

JOHN GOODCHILD.

LETTER IX.

EDWARD GOODCHILD *to* WM. GOODCHILD.

DEAR BROTHER,

YOU will think that we are entered into a combination to make you wonder.

We have been to see the Automaton ; so they call a figure which does every thing by clock-work. He writes and draws whatever he is bid.—I thought he would be a good lesson to many a naughty boy.

We went to *Cox's* Museum—there all seemed to be enchantment.

I will not attempt to describe, or even to recount the strange sights—they were such that we could scarcely believe our eyes at the time ; and should still less afterward ; therefore, instead of relating such incredible

credible wonders, I will hasten to assure you of a *real truth*, which I hope you will readily believe—that

I am, my dear William,

Your affectionate brother,

EDWARD GOODCHILD,

L E T T E R X.

*Miss GOODCHILD, in London, to her BROTHER
at Buckham.*

DEAR BROTHER,

I SUPPOSE you see accounts of the *Italian* puppet show: it is called *Fantocini*.

My three eldest brothers and I have been to see it.

I never saw any thing so pretty as—I was going to say the little *creatures*; for the dolls seem to do every thing which they could do if they were really alive.

These

These puppets sit at a musical instrument, or hold one in their hands; they move their fingers as if they were playing; and at the same time, soft music sounds, so that you think it proceeds from their instrument.

I shall never care for an inanimate doll again.

These little figures seem to sing, dance, play, bow, curtsy, talk—in short, do all that the fine ladies and gentlemen, who go to see them can do—except eating.

How I should have rejoiced to carry one home to surprise *Susan* with!

I forgot to tell you, that they talked in a language which I cannot understand.

Mamma says, that two people speak in feigned voices, and vary their manner of speaking, to make the puppets appear to converse.

I wished to know what they said. I think they should speak *English*, here in *England*.

Papa says, that the camp was as agreeable to see, as that at *Warley Common*.

I was

I was ready to sing aloud,

“ Sure this place is fairy ground.”

I could talk of these surprising little figures all day.

—I hope you will see them.

Mr. *Penetrate* says, that they are made to move in the same manner as the jacks of a harpsichord, so that one person can put them all in motion, by pressing down keys, as you play upon a keyed instrument.

I do not much understand him.

Pray give my duty to my uncle and aunt, and believe me,

Dear brother,

Your's,

JANE GOODCHILD.



L E T T E R S

P A S S I N G B E T W E E N

Master GENTLE, aged seven Years,

A N D H I S S I S T E R,

Miss MARY GENTLE, aged six Years.



LETTERS, &c.

EXPLANATION.

MISS Gentle was placed under the tuition of Mrs. Teachwell, to whom Miss Friendly was an assistant.—Miss Gentle was about six years of age.

Master Gentle was at a school where Mr. Birch was usher.—Master Gentle was about seven years old.

LETTER I.

DEAR BROTHER,

THE GROVE.

MY kind friend and teacher is so good as to write for me, to tell you that I am well, and happier than you can think.

I have not one play-fellow quite so young as I am ; yet some who are but a little older ; and those who are much above us in age are all very good to us.

Lady *Loverwell* has given me a very pretty doll, which I can dress and undress ; and two suits of cloaths and linen for her.—But I must tell you something that has happened since I have had it.

I had not a box to put my doll's cloaths in, and I was distressed to know how to dispose of them, so I looked about, and my little work-trunk came in my mind, where I keep the frill I am working for you. Now it is a rule, that we are to put nothing into our work-trunks ; for, if we might, we should fill them with snips for our dolls. Miss *Sy* told me, I could put the things in for that night, and take them out the next morning, before any person saw my trunk. “ No, said I ; I will not break a rule ; nor try to “ deceive ! ” I sat contriving how to secure my little treasures, and it came into my mind to ask leave, to wrap them in paper, and lay them upon my trunk.

As soon as I was up the next morning, and had said my prayers, I ran to my trunk—and my parcel was
gone

gone—I can not tell you how surprised and vexed I was; but I thought that crying would not do any good, and I went to Miss *Friendly*'s closet to tell my grief to her. As I was talking, I cast my eye on a nice little doll's bureau; but I would not ask to look at it. “My dear little *Polly* I am busy now—“so amuse yourself with this,” said Miss *Friendly*, taking down the bureau.

I almost forgot my loss for joy.

I pulled out a drawer, and there was a gown of white muslin—then another, there lay coats and other linen—a third, and I saw a blue satin cloak, then I called out, “this must be my doll's!”

Miss *Friendly* laughed, and kissing me; “My dear! said she, the drawers are your's too. I give them to you with pleasure, because you were so good last night. I have put the things in neatly, and hope you will be nice.”

“I can not thank you enough, Miss *Friendly*!”

“Here is the key.”

“A key too! I am so pleased!”

I have set my bureau on a window-seat—and that is our baby-house. *Jenny Wild* and I are partners in our toys. She has a bed and chairs, and I had a table before, besides the looking glass which you remember, and that I value very highly as your gift.

I hope you will write to me soon—and pray tell me all that happens, as I do you.

I am, Dear William,

Your affectionate sister,

MARY GENTLE.

L E T T E R II.

DEAR SISTER,

WE are all very fond of a letter at school; but I was delighted with your's, as it came from you, and was all about you.

I am

I am very happy, and I shall be so as long as I hear you are ; for I am always content.

I ask a great deal about you, and the place you are in, of Lady *Loverwell*; Miss *Eaſy* often comes with her, and as ſhe was under Mrs. *Teachwell*'s care ſome time, ſhe knows all about the way of living.

I wiſh you joy, that you are among girls who live quietly together. We have a great deal of fighting and quarrelling ; and very often between brothers.

I think if I had a brother it would be a great comfort to me—but I would not change my ſiſter for one ; for though you and I can not be always together, as brothers can, the time we do ſpend in each other's company is ſo agreeable, that nothing could make me amend for the loſs of it. Lady *Loverwell* ſays you ſhall meet me again at our holidays.

Dick Wrang'e is to be ſent to another ſchool, for he and his brother can not agree at all : the boys would be glad if they were both gone. They do not ſeem to care about their ſiſter ; they ſay, ſhe was ſo peeviſh. Miſs *Eaſy* tells me, that ſhe is a new girl now, and is happy.

I rejoice with you, that you were not tempted to break a rule, though the thing itself was a trifle.

What an encouragement it is to be good, where your actions are observed and approved! the reward too is pleasing; but more because it *is* a reward, than for its own sake.

We have but little notice taken here of good actions, and very naughty ones often escape unobserved: nay, what is worse, when a set of boys have played a trick, sometimes the first contriver receives no more punishment than others; and I have known some get off without the whipping, by the master not knowing they were engaged; but the rest despise them for concealing their fault, though they seldom betray them.

I wonder at many of these things, but my good friend Miss *Easy*, says to me, “When you are older
“you will know more than you can do now. School
“is a little world.”

“Do what you know you ought to do, and you
“will have a reward.”

I am

I am fond of most of my lessons: and those which I do not much love, I take pains to do as well as I can: this gives me pleasure, as I know I am doing my duty; and besides that, I find I grow to like such parts of my learning as did not please me at first; and every day they grow more easy to me.

Writing was very difficult to me: my fingers were very unsteady a long time, and Mr. *Plume* did not so far discern between my shaking hand, and my neighbour *Giddy's* idleness, but that I felt his ruler on my knuckles as often as he. I never cried, never complained; it was designed for my good; but I kept striving to improve. Writing the same copy was tiresome, but I knew that it was right for me to do as I was ordered; and I was sure the master must be the best judge of the method of teaching; besides, in this branch of my education I was eager to proceed, that I might be able to send you letters of my own writing: so I had less merit in drudging contentedly here, than in my Latin, which was very hard to me, and very dull, as I knew nothing of what I was
about;

about; and had no wish to go on for any pleasure I expected I ever should have from it.

Figures puzzled me; and I should have kept creeping on in the dark, if Master *Cypher* had not been so kind as to assist me; now I delight in accounts; and am able to help other boys to learn, which is a great pleasure to me.

I rise early; so early that I gain an hour before our waking-bell rings.

I tell you all I think of, knowing what joy it is to hear all that belongs to a beloved brother or sister. I trust the same reason will make you send long letters to me, who am,

My dear sister,

Your affectionate brother,

WILLIAM GENTLE.

E X P L A N A T I O N.

MISS Gentle received a doll's commode box (containing a cap for the doll) from her brother—with his answer to her first letter.

L E T T E R III.

DEAR BROTHER,

YOUR letter gave me so much pleasure that I am in haste to thank you for it.

But the commode box! and the pretty cap! if you were here, my doll should curtsy as far as her joints will bend, to thank you for your present. But what should *I* do for the sweet letter?—I would run and kiss you twenty times—I wish I could.

I shall try to make you my example to copy after. Miss *Friendly* tells me I am rather indolent about some

of my lessons : and often my thoughts are employed on my toys, when I should attend wholly to what she is teaching me. Thus I lose the knowledge I might gain ; and then, when I am gone from her, I lament that I was so silly ; I am fearful that I shall forfeit her affection ; and I can neither enjoy my doll nor my play.

When I have done all my lessons well, and she dismisses me with a kiss of approbation, I feel quite happy, and think I never more will be negligent. I hope your letter will keep me in this good resolution.

It is our own fault if we be not very happy here ; and all who are tolerably compliant in their tempers are very comfortable. Some *will* find cause to vex, as if they loved to be unhappy themselves, and to make the rest so ; all Mrs. *Teachwell's* care has not made Miss *Wrangle* amiable, though she is much mended.

Now I might fret that I am told I may only write till eight ; for it is my greatest joy—but I am resolved always to be content, and make the best of what happens ; even when the clock warns me to
hasten

hasten to conclude, whilst I have a thousand things to say to you—being,

My dear brother,

Your affectionate sister,

MARY GENTLE.

THE GROVE,

L E T T E R . IV.

DEAR SISTER,

WHEN I feel joy, I wish to make others sharers in it. You are a great way off, and to you I wish happiness very much, and in one way I can make you a partaker with me ; for you will rejoice because I do.

Mr. Meek, being obliged to go into *France*, has sent his elder son hither ; he is twelve years old, and has been bred up at home by his father. With him comes a brother of six, the most charming boy I ever met with.

with. We were told we should love each other, and we are very intimate for the time. *Harry* is my play-fellow—*James*, the elder, is my tutor. He has a summer house to himself, where he sits when he likes; he goes on instructing his brother as he did at home, and is so kind as to take me as a pupil with him.

Mr. *J. Meek* has made up several quarrels since he came, and strives to prevent all disputes.

Harry never says or does an unkind thing; and when others try to vex him, he bears it with patience.

It is no proof of my good-humour or prudence that my new friend and I agree, for he is as mild as a dove; yet he assures me that he was disposed to be fretful till his father taught him better.

Mr. *James* has promised me a sight of some lessons that have been of use to him and his brother.

The school-bell rings.

Adieu.

L E T-

L E T T E R V.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I LEFT off in haste the last time I wrote to you. I did not then know why I was ordered to leave off; but now I will tell you.

Two of the grown ladies were going in the chariot past my kind friend, Lady *Lovewell's* house; and would take me to stay there.

Away we drove.

The weather was fair, and I was as brisk as a fly.

We stopped. My friend was gone out: I was sorry, for I love her as a parent.

I waited with patience to be directed by those ladies who had taken the care of me—and they took me on with them.

We passed through a very pleasant country, and alighted at a fine house of Lord *Belmont's*, where Lady *Betty Shapely* and Miss *Sprightly* were to pass the

day—They said how it happened that I was with them, and he was very good to me.

I saw several beautiful birds, which are kept in a large garden, with lattice-work round it, and a net at the top, so that they can not get away.

And I saw books full of prints.

In the evening we called again at my friend's house; she was come home, and has invited me to go and see her another day. So I lose nothing, and gained a great deal of pleasure by my first disappointment.

If I had not left off writing at the time, I was not to have gone out. If I had cried at not finding Lady *Lovewell* at home, I should not have gone to *Belmont*.

Lady *Betty* tells me I shall alway find myself happy, if I learn to make the best of what happens; and be content.

But if I use myself to be uneasy, unless all things and people are just what I wish, I must be miserable.

“Learn this whilst you are young—it will come much easier to you now than when you are older.”

Then

Then she told me that she was unwilling to come hither; and at first was discontented here; she added “ I should have been a silly unhappy woman but for “ Mrs. Teachwell; she has taught me the art of “ happiness.”

I should like to see Mr. Meek's lessons: do you think I should understand them?

The elder ladies here, often write over lessons in easier language, for us little ones.

I am,

My dear brother,

Your affectionate sister,

MARY GENTLE.

THE GROVE.

L E T T E R VI.

I SHOULD rejoice to gratify any wish of your's, my dear *Mary*—I believe few brothers love their sister so well; and I am sure few have so amiable a sister on whom to bestow their affection.

But I have never yet seen the lessons you mention, nor my little friend *Harry*, except that his brother sometimes reads him one upon any occasion that happens.

One day Master *Wayward* was dressed to go out—it rained so hard that he could not go, yet he was excused his lessons, and might have passed his time pleasantly with books, till the school hours were over, and after in play: and the boys were so good as to try to amuse him—but he fretted all the day. When his papa heard of his folly, he said, “It was a pity that Mr. *Birch* did not whip him. And
“ that

“ that he would appoint no more days till he was
“ wiser, since what was designed for his pleasure
“ proved vexation, by his own perverseness.”

Mr. *James Meek* talked to him seriously, in vain.
Laughed with him, but it was of no use—he would
not attend.

I wish I could copy his discourse for you ; but you
want advice on other things more than on that.

You are rather fearful, that those of your com-
panions, who are but a little older than you are,
should pretend to direct you—perhaps they ought not.
But if the advice that they give you be *good*, follow it
because it is *good*. If it do not signify which way you
act, comply to shew meekness ; and to oblige.

If the counsel be *bad*, do not obey it on any
account.

My *Harry* repeated this to me. And these maxims,
for our conduct in a large family or a school.

“ To an *elder* boy ;

“ Comply as he is elder.

“ To a younger ;

“ Comply for the pleasure of obliging a child.

“ This is to be understood only of such things as
“ are indifferent.

“ Means only that we should give up our own will,
“ and wish to please others.

“ *This ;*

“ (If we do it cheerfully) will ensure the love of
“ all about us.”

You see, my dear sister, I send you what I can.

You see I venture to advise you, do you the same
to me.

Example is the best advice to equals—but I know
you will like that I should try to improve you, though
I am so little older than you are.

I hope we shall always love each other as well as we
do now.

Lady *Loverwell* has asked my two friends to spend
the holidays with her ; how happy shall you and I be
in their company !

My dear, Mary,

Your affectionate brother,

W. GENTLE.

L E T-

L E T T E R VII.

DEAR BROTHER,

THE GROVE.

WHEN any thing has happened that gives me pleasure, I am in haste to tell you; and I believe nothing can please you so well as the cause of my present joy.

My behaviour meeting with approbation.

The praise is due to my kind instructors.

I was with Lady *Loverwell*, and *Mr. Snarl* came in; I heard him say paugh! but I knew not why then; they have told me since that he does not like children.

I observed that he took no notice of me.

Well! this same *Mr. Snarl* sent me a little coronet of set garnets the next day—it is very pretty, but what delighted me most, was, that he said, “ I
“ pleased him by my behaviour. I was the first child
“ he ever met with who was not troublesome—and
“ he had said, if he ever did meet with one who

“ was neither shy nor impertinent—who spoke when
“ spoken to, and not else, he would crown her queen
“ of children.”

I am not proud of this—I am only very pleased.

I ought to be better than I am, my friends tell me,
with such advantages as I have.

I wish Mr. *Snarl* had seen you, and your dear
Harry—He says, “ that school-boys are dreadful
“ animals.”

If he had seen you, there must have been two more
coronets.

On *Sunday* we all sit some time with Mrs. *Teachwell*
in the great room ; and she reads and talks to us.

We young ones never read by ourselves in the
bible ; it is too sacred for us, she says, to tumble
about.

Mrs. *Teachwell* reads a little, and explains so that
we little ones can understand.

Sometimes she speaks to us in her own words ; and
often repeats.

I went to her last night, and asked for a copy of a
few lines which I admired : my heart fluttered when

I knocked

I knocked at her door; but she was pleased at my request, and said, “ My dear, if I myself profit by
“ the lessons in that divine book; I shall not be
“ above encouraging you to listen and remember its
“ contents;—you shall have a copy to-morrow.”

A comment, it was called, on these words of *Christ*,
“ Suffer little children to come unto me.”

I shall be very glad when I can write myself.

Miss *Dove* writes this for me.

I am impatient to be able to copy what I am pleased
with; because I always wish you to see and read what
I suppose would give you pleasure; being,

My dear William,

Your affectionate sister,

MARY GENTLE.

L E T T E R VIII.

DEAR SISTER,

MY heart glows at the thought of your reward; nor can I help being proud of my charming sister—yet I would not flatter you, and raise conceit to lessen the merit which I admire.

I shall be very glad to have a copy of those lines that you mention. I do not doubt but I shall like them.

I received a box this morning—and when I had opened it, there I found the prettiest standish that ever was seen.

This is the first use I make of it, for the giver could be thanked by word of mouth—you will guess that I mean my elder friend *Meek*.

Believe me, my dear Mary,

Your affectionate brother,

W. GENTLE.

L E T-

L E T T E R IX.

DEAR BROTHER,

I ENCLOSE the lines I promised. They will entertain and improve you better than what I could say; yet I must address a few words to you.

Pray tell me how you like this extract—if it give you pleasure, it will be joy to

Your affectionate sister,

M. GENTLE.

THE GROVE.

“ Suffer little children to come unto me.”

Luke xviii, 16.

“ Let children observe this: these were the words
“ of *Christ*.

“ As

“ As kindly, would he have received you, ye dear
“ children, who read or hear this; as kindly will he
“ still receive you, if you go to him and ask his
“ blessing in humble and earnest prayer. Though
“ you see not *Christ*, he sees and hears you; he is
“ now present with you, to receive you, to bless you,
“ and save you.”

L E T T E R X.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I RETURN you many thanks for the passage you sent me. I was charmed with it, so was my little friend *Harry*.

Mr. *Meek* says, that he thinks if a child keep in his mind so winning, so affectionate an invitation to goodness, he can not be bad.

He gave me a few more lines copied from the same author.

“ Out.

“ Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou
“ hast perfected praise.” *Matt. xxi. 16.*

“ The children surround *Christ* with their Hosan-
“ nas; and he graciously accepts their feeble ac-
“ cents of praise.

“ Oh! that we might now have the pleasure to
“ see little children pronouncing the name of *Christ*
“ with reverence and love!

“ And surely those who are parents must add—
“ Oh! that our own may join in the choir! may
“ they learn the song from our lips, and sing it with
“ us hereafter in heaven!”

Mr. *Meek* has a great many books full of his own writing, copied from such authors as his father approved. He is always willing to oblige and instruct us. Nay, he is so very kind, as to allow me to read such parts as I can understand, and to promise that I shall have leave to copy many, when I am expert in the use of my pen.

Would you think it? One of the boys laughed at *Harry Meek* for being ruled by his brother.

Harry said,

“ When I know what is right, I will always do it,
“ if all the boys in the school laugh.

“ It is certainly right for me to be guided by my
“ brother—because my father ordered that I should.

“ I need seek no further.

“ Nor is it any hardship to be directed by so kind
“ and loving a brother.”

I shall be glad to have you know these friends of
mine.

I am,

Your's, &c.

W. GENTLE.

EXPLANATION.

MISS Gentle received a fan from her brother, painted by him—it had on one side a figure of Spring, in the character of a little girl, resembling Mary Gentle—her dress such as is described in the following letter. Her head adorned with a wreath of amaranth and rose, &c.

On the other side was a nosegay of early flowers in bud.

LETTER XI.

DEAR BROTHER,

THE GROVE.

THE fan was the prettiest I ever saw it is true; and you thought I should look at that before I read my letter; but as I chanced to know whence the parcel came,

came, I was sure the letter was from you ; and that was enough to make me eager to break the seal. I thank you for it—but whom must I thank for the fan ?

I knew the design of it directly. It gave me the pleasure of a riddle, and was a good lesson too.

The little girl, I am told, is so like me, that it must have been designed for my picture ; so I dare not say what I think of her face and air. But I may talk of her dress ; a girl can not refrain from that.

Her robe is surely of the sweetest green that ever was seen ; it is like opening leaves in *April*. The daisies, primroses, violets springing at her feet—the nosegay she has of early flowers—the first kind of butterfly that appears—the little lambs frisking, or seeming to crop the tender grass, all told me it was *Spring*.—

But I do not like the nest of young birds in her hand (though it looks pretty) because it is so cruel to rob the birds of their young.

The bee-hives I did not understand ; but Miss Gay says, “ they are designed to remind us to copy
“ after

“ after that little creature the bee ; for, whilst other
 “ insects flutter about and frolic in the air, seeming
 “ to seek nothing but pleasure ; the bee searches
 “ among the flowers, enjoying their sweets, and at
 “ the same time collects a rich store of valuable trea-
 “ sure from them, without doing the smallest degree
 “ of injury.”

I asked why the head of Spring was not adorned with a wreath of the flowers of the season ? And was informed, that it was on account of their short continuance—whilst the beauty of the amaranth is everlasting—the charming scent of the rose remains even after it is withered. Then I knew you meant to teach me to value the unfading beauty of goodness ; the lasting delight of a good name, which *Solomon* compares to precious ointment. The back of the fan is very pretty. I know why the flowers are in the bud, and the bees employed about them ; but the very neat little letters did not catch my eye, till they were shewn to me : I admire your choice in the verse, which I am well acquainted with.

E

But

But who painted it? I have never heard of your learning to paint.

I begin to write copies, but my master does not choose I should write a long letter at one sitting—so I have been longer than I wished before I sent this—being unwilling to give up the pleasure of telling you with my own pen how much I am

Your affectionate sister,

MARY GENTLE.

L E T T E R XII.

DEAR SISTER,

YOU give me joy by your kind acceptance of my little present. I was impatient to offer to you the first effort of my pencil that my master approved of my giving; and the desire I had to send you a small token of my affection, was a continual spur to my endeavours.

The

The figure was designed for you—I am glad my pencil was so faithful to the picture I have in my mind, as to express a likeness.

The writing was not my own, though I chose the verse.

I suppose you are forbidden to write much at a time, on account of your shape—I love you for obeying without enquiry. I am sure you write a fine hand, if you will take care not to lose it.

What books do you read? How do you pass your time? Where do you write? Tell me all you can—for every thing that concerns my dear sister is interesting to her

Affectionate brother

WILLIAM GENTLE.

L E T T E R XIII.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

YOU know how talkative we girls are, so you supply me with a plea for writing a long letter by your questions, by way of obliging and pleasing me.

The elder ladies have light closets fitted up with shelves for their books, and bureaus, or writing-desks.

In the great room there are several writing-tables, which all, who are allowed to use a pen, may sit at. But we seldom use them when our masters are gone, for the gardens are full of seats; so that we live abroad.

“ Well,” you will say, “ but sometimes it rains.”—

Very well, I return, we do not care for that. We have summer-houses and alcoves, and temples; and when a sudden shower comes, you would laugh to see how we run hurry-scurry into that to which we are nearest.

The grounds are very large; but we, who are under twelve, have our bounds fixed which we are not to pass.

We have a lawn about a quarter of a mile round: it lies sloping gently to a winding path, and some small trees and shrubs, through and between which we see a fine rivulet that rises in a wood on one side—on the other falls into a river which is to be seen from the house, running through rich meadows; but is concealed from our grounds by a large plantation of fruit-trees and shrubs growing in the grass, and making a very agreeable shade: for I have been among them, by leave, with Mrs. *Teachwell*. So I have about all the meadows, and through the wood—and not only along the path by the rivulet, but on the other side, on the rising grounds, and have rode up to another noble wood, that crowns those opposite hills. For we are indulged in seeing about a great deal, if we deserve it: but if once we pass our bounds—no more rambles with Mrs. *Teachwell*.

Six or seven large trees afford us shelter from the sun—three or four thickets of shrubs enclose and con-

ceal buildings for us to sit in when we like ; beside stumps, banks, and benches, which look pleasant and rural.

Beside all this, we have a very large square kitchen garden, with gravel-walks.

The elder ladies may fish in the stream.

I think when I am twelve, I shall often sit in a thatched cottage that is in the wood.

We are all directed by Mrs. *Teachwell* in our choice of books.

No novel. But a very few plays. And no book but what Mrs. *Teachwell* approves.

You will not now say, how do we pass our time ? If each day were a week, it would not be too long.

We read, write, work, draw, sing, dance, walk, play—and are the happiest set of girls in the world. Above all myself, who have so charming a brother, to whom

I am,
An affectionate sister,

MARY GENTLE.

THE GROVE,

L E T-

L E T T E R XIV.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I ENCLOSE a plan of your ground, from the idea your letter gave me — pray return it corrected, and mark the places where your favorite seats are, and the spots you most delight in. I shall have great pleasure in imagining that I see you reading, or engaged in sport with your little companions.

We have a large play-ground; but enclosed within walls, to confine such boys as are not to be restrained by laws.

By the way, is it true, that Lady *Woodbind* asked where were the bars? and Mrs. *Teachwell* answered, in my young ladies minds. She jocosely related, that at the *Grove* they had invisible bars to the windows.

We work in our gardens, having separate portions of ground allotted us, which we cultivate agreeable to our own tastes.

Harry and I have got the ground round *J. Meek's* little study, by exchange with another boy; and we are very busy planting such things as we know he loves. I know I am wanted now, for I hear his barrow; he has been to fetch a shrub that is too large for him to manage without assistance.

So important a call must plead my excuse for a short letter. A quire of paper would not suffice to tell you how much

I am,

My dear sister,

Your affectionate brother,

W. GENTLE.

L E T T E R S

PASSING BETWEEN

SCHOOL-FELLOWS

IN THE

H O L I D A Y S.



LETTERS, &c.

EXPLANATION.

MASTER Brotherton was ten years of age.

Master Boiscot rather younger.

Master Edward Brotherton not quite nine.

These three boys were school-fellows and intimate friends—these letters passed during the holidays, which separated them.

The two families each of them consisted of a number of children.

L E T T E R I.

Master BROTHERTON to Master BOISCOT.

1779.

DEAR BOISCOT,

OUR friendship will make our correspondence mutually pleasing; but you have the advantage of me in point of pleasure; for, as you have seen my brothers and sisters, and I am a stranger to all yours, you will receive more satisfaction from little family anecdotes than I can do. Yet let me assure you, I shall rejoice to hear any occurrence; for, though the circumstance I mention makes me rather less enter into the spirit of an account of what passes in your nursery, than I might if I were acquainted with the character of each member of it; yet, any incident or conversation which you send will be interesting to me, from your agreeable manner of relating it, as well as
from

from the love I bear you, which makes all that concerns you far from indifferent to,

My dear Friend,

Your affectionate,

JOHN BROTHERTON.

L E T T E R II.

Master Boiscot's Answer.

DEAR JACK,

K——r.

I TRUST our letters will be highly agreeable to each other—but I dissent from you in one point—feeling the justice of your remark, respecting the degree of satisfaction we may derive from the relation of family affairs, I deny your inference that I have the advantage. No, my dear *Jack*! it is you, who are enabled

enabled to give me more pleasure than I can give you. It is you, I affirm, have the advantage: but, not to contend on which side the superiority of pleasure lies, let us strive to make our letters as agreeable and beneficial to each other as we can.

We are both blest with parents who attend to the cultivation of their children's minds; your mamma is always intent on what passes among you, that she may catch every opportunity of instilling virtuous principles; she is incessantly engaged in watching over you, that she may correct all that is amiss in the disposition of any child. Does not your heart glow with gratitude and affection as you consider her cares?—Mine does often, when I recollect my mamma's earnest solicitude for us. But I blush to confess that I often forget her admonitions, or do not remember them at the instant when I ought to put them into practice.

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R III.

Master BROTHERTON to Master BOISCOT.

I RECEIVED your letter just after supper last night. My mamma was not well enough to allow her to sit in the parlour, and *Ned* and I were with her in the dressing-room. As she lay on the couch, she did not see me whilst I was reading; and I was hastening out of the room to conceal my tears, lest they should give her disquiet; but an involuntary sob drew her attention; she recalled me, and enquired tenderly into the cause of my weeping.

I gave her your letter, she read it first to herself, then aloud, and said,

“ My dear *Jack* ! I hope those tears are an earnest
“ that my endeavours to form your temper will not
“ be in vain ; that I may shed over you tears of joy,
“ and not of grief. *Ned*, I see, is affected equally.
“ Boys, be good, and I shall”—The entrance of
Doctor

Doctor *Cane* put a stop to her speaking, and obliged us to retire. When I tell you, that after reading your letter several times, I fell asleep with it in my hand, you will not wonder to hear, that my dream was formed from the scene I have given you.

I thought my mamma lay in bed very ill—that my papa called us all into the chamber, made us kneel down by her bed-side, and bade us *listen* and never *forget*—(I can scarce proceed)—her voice was faint; I heard her imperfectly. Papa could not refrain from tears—our eyes were all fixed on her. I thought I was so silly as to turn my head to look at a bird, and—my mamma was gone:—I burst into loud weeping, when my papa pointed out at the window, and I saw her supported high in the air, by two beautiful angels, who bore her on their wings; nor did she appear less beautiful than they. She waved her hand, and dropped a paper, I ran to catch it, stumbled, and was not able to rise: in my struggle I awoke, and found myself fallen out of bed on the floor:—it was long before I could recover myself enough to feel assured that all was illusion. Sleep returned no more. I lay reflect-
ing

ing on all which had passed, and all which had seemed to pass. Such as these were my thoughts.

My mamma is ill ; and if she were *not*, how could I be certain of her life even one day ? Should I lose her ! who would supply the loss ? How should I then lament and grieve for the want of what I now enjoy ! her tender advice.

Should I not apprehend, that her exceeding solicitude for us might shorten her life ?

Thus I lay reflecting when I was called to rise.—I know my long letter will give you a melancholy pleasure.

Believe me,

Yours, &c.

JOHN BROTHERTON.

 L E T T E R IV.

Master Boiscot to Master Brotherton.

DEAR JACK,

K — Y.

IN return for your dream, accept my waking thoughts, suggested chiefly by your reflections.

Suppose we were to commit to paper in the evening, such remonstrances or remarks as we had heard from our parents and friends in the day? It would imprint them on our minds, and might even be of use to our younger brothers.

I have thought continually of your dream—that paper! It would have seemed a valuable legacy, a last lecture to teach you to be as good as your dear deceased parent, that you might follow her in her flight—how should we esteem such a writing! let us think with no less reverence of the counsels we receive

ceive by word of mouth—and may they prove a blessing to you, and,

My dear,

Your, &c.

LETTER V.

Master BROTHERTON to Master BOISCOT.

I LIKE the scheme you propose of writing what we wish to remember. I have begun to practice it. You will often, by this method, be a partaker with me, though we are at a distance, and if our plan succeed to my wish, our younger brothers may profit by the lessons we now receive. Thus shall we promote the design our kind parents have in view, and make the best return in our power for their care of our education.

My mamma is better, but her friends say, that her anxiety about her children, and the fatigue of teaching them, injure her health; how many ladies leave their nursery to servants, and spend their time in diversions! How happy are you and I,

— My dear, &c. —

JOHN BROTHERTON.

L E T T E R VI.

DEAR JACK,

I SAW your little brother *William*; he seems a gentle amiable child; and I am persuaded I should have been pleased with him, even if he had *not* been brother to my beloved friend. As it was, I felt much partiality to him, and stole to the window to kiss him for your sake.

“ Our lively friend *Ned*, does he never write? Give my love to him.

“ Dear little *William* had a book in his pocket, and he is, I am told, seldom without. This occasioned much talk on the subject of children’s books.

“ My mamma said, “ We all wish our young folk
“ to love reading; and the fondness for books is a
“ mark of sense, and may be made conducive to im-
“ provement. But how few books are fit for the
“ perusal of the very set for whom they are designed!
“ Even of the few people whose sentiments one would
“ be willing they should imbibe, who will be at the
“ pains to print? Those who have no children,
“ either do not concern themselves about their prin-
“ ciples and conduct, or have no knowledge of the
“ avenues to their little hearts; they know not how
“ very simple a tale ought to be, how very plain and
“ short a moral, nor indeed are aware of the impor-
“ tance of supplying children with food for their
“ curiosity, which will not vitiate their minds: the
“ married have no leisure to make books.”

This conversation has proved a spur to me to go on with my scheme; since it will enable us to catch the sentiments our parents are not at leisure to write.

Adieu.

L E T T E R VII.

Master BROTHERTON to Master BOISCOT.

BROTHERTON-HALL.

I FORGOT to tell you that my papa found me writing to you on *Monday*; he is pleased with our correspondence, and approves our scheme. He said, “That *Pope* asserted, he should have pleasure in reading the thoughts of an infant, could it commit them to writing as they arose in its little mind. Still more should we delight to see our sentiments, but he wished to lay no restraint upon us.”—
Now, my dear, I think the occasional inspection of
an

an indulgent parent will give a sanction to our letters. Papa does not require to see them always; for myself, like the swain in *Shenstone*, I feel, "Fearful, but not
"averse."—Nor fearful, but from a consciousness that my letters are trifling. I am happy to know that to you any trifle is acceptable from,

My dear, &c. &c.

JOHN BROTHERTON.

LETTER VIII.

Master BOISCOT to Master BROTHERTON.

I BELIEVE I once mentioned to you my mamma's anxiety about the books I read. She adds to the solicitude which all parents must feel to keep their children from receiving injury from their studies, great apprehension, that, if we read what we do not perfectly understand, we may acquire a habit of content-

ing ourselves, without diving into the meaning of an author.

To gratify our love of variety, this excellent parent selects passages which are suited to our capacity, for our perusal.

As I know you delight in flowers, I will copy the subject of this morning's entertainment.

“ The Snow-drop, foremost of the lovely train,
“ breaks her way through the frozen foil, to present
“ her early compliments to her Lord. Dressed in the
“ robe of innocence, she steps forth, fearless of dan-
“ ger, long before the trees have ventured to unfold
“ their leaves, even while the icicles are pendent on
“ the houses. Next, peeps out the Crocus; but cau-
“ tiously, and with an air of timidity. She hears
“ the howling blasts, and skulks close to her low situ-
“ ation. Afraid she seems to make large excursions
“ from her root, while so many ruffian winds are
“ abroad. Nor is the Violet last; which, with all
“ the embellishments that would grace a royal garden,
“ condescends to line our hedges, and grow at the
“ foot of the briar. Freely, and without any solici-
“ tation,

“ tation, she distributes the bounty of her emissive
 “ sweets : while herself, with an exemplary humility,
 “ retires from sight ; seeking rather to administer
 “ pleasure, than to win admiration. Emblem of
 “ those modest virtues, which delight to bloom in ob-
 “ scurity, which extend a cheering influence to those
 “ who know not the source of their comforts ! Mo-
 “ tive, to that active beneficence, which stays not
 “ for the importunity of the distressed, but anticipates
 “ their suit, and prevents them with the blessings of
 “ its goodness !”

This extract is from a book called *Hervey's Meditations*, too serious for us at present, mamma says. But what a pleasing lesson did she choose for me !

I shall expect to receive from you sometimes, passages which you have been reading.

Write soon to,

My dear Jack,

Your affectionate Friend.

K—Y.

LETTER IX.

Master BROTHERTON to Master BOISCOT.

I THANK you for your flowers; they are very beautiful. You know my taste for the delights of nature: pray send me another nosegay soon.

Tomson is, I think, called the poet of Nature. Accept a few lines descriptive of the cares of our dear parents.

“Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
 “To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 “To pour the fresh instruction o’er the mind,
 “To breathe th’enlivening spirit, and to fix
 “The generous purpose in the glowing breast.”

I read the Seasons with great satisfaction indeed. The above lines are in Spring; but I can shew you
 my

my papa in many places—in Autumn, drawing a picture of a man engaged in rational amusements.

“ The touch of kindred too and love he feels,
 “ The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 “ Extatic shine; the little strong embrace
 “ Of prattling children, twin’d around his neck,
 “ And emulous to please him, calling forth
 “ The fond parental soul.”

A lady, who was drinking tea with my mamma as I sat copying these lines, says, that she is sure I do not understand half of what I read; and that my eagerness after variety of books, makes me get the habit into which Lady *Boisfort* apprehends your falling. I wish my mamma had leisure to mark for me what she approved as suited to my years; but she has so many children, that, though she devotes almost all her time to us, she can not find any for that purpose. Your sisters having a governess, spares much of your mamma’s time.

I am, your affectionate

J. BROTHERTON.

LET.

L E T T E R X.

Master Boiscot to Master Brotherton.

MY sister, you know, is rather older than I am; one of her lessons is to read a story aloud to her governess; and then write, or at least relate it; this serves to prove, that she attended to her subject, and understood it. When she has written a story in her easy language, my younger brother reads it. I think that an exercise of this kind might improve us, and give pleasure to the rest of the family; for we could amuse them with the thoughts of an author, whose expressions are much above their comprehension. I have industry enough to enjoy searching in a dictionary, and I am confident you would. I delight in seeking the explanation of a word, and writing that and the part of speech.

I am, my dear Jack,

Your affectionate, &c.

K—y.

L E T-

L E T T E R X I.

Master BROTHERTON to Master BOISCOT.

S P R I N G.

THE birds begin to sing ; the lark, with his shrill note, mounts high in the air, and seems to rouse the other birds. The thrush and woodlark are heard above the rest, when the nightingale is silent.

“ The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake ; ”
“ The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove.”
Nor are the linets silent. Joined to these, numerous are the songsters amidst the new-sprung leaves.

The jay, the rook, the daw, though their pipes are harsh when heard alone, improve the concert : while the stock-dove breathes a melancholy murmur.

You see, my dear friend, my sentiments of your proposed scheme—you see I immediately put it in execution. This passage is from *Tomson's Seasons* : I

translated

translated it (may I not use the phrase?) from poetry into such humble prose, that my little brother of four years old enjoys it.

The poet proceeds to describe the building, hatching, &c. I could scarce restrain my pen from going on with my plan of taming his language.

My papa does not wish me to read much of verse of any kind aloud.

We went yesterday to fish for trout in the park, with "well dissembled fly, and rod fine tapering." This reminds me of a book called *Walton's Complete Angler*: I have just borrowed it, and have no time to say more.

Adieu, &c.

I. B.

L E T.

L E T T E R XII.

Master Boiscot to Master Brotherton.

YOU have an insatiable appetite for books, and seize with eagerness all that you meet with. Thanks to your friendship, I often share in any delicious morsel you meet with. I have naturally less avidity, and am somewhat restrained by my mamma's opinion, that to study a few authors is likely to be more improving to me—thus you must be content to accept of extracts repeatedly from the same work. Indeed the custom of selecting passages for my entertainment indulges in some measure my love of variety, and enables me to gratify your curiosity.

Hervey, in his reflections on a flower garden, beautifully compares the culture of such a spot and the education of a child. My governess shewed me the same

same comparison in scripture last *Sunday*; and she repeated some lines, which she said were in a book of piety that she often read. I will try to recollect them.

“ Vice, is the natural product of the soil; but
“ Virtue, is the slow laborious result of repeated hard-
“ ships and self-denials.”

She is explaining to me how it happens that we are disposed to evil.

I shall not repeat to you those conversations, because you have parents who will instruct you on such subjects when they judge it best. But I can not help saying, that many things which puzzled me before, now appear clearly intelligible.

Yet I loved to fancy that we were inclined to be all that was amiable, though it contradicted my senses; for, my dear *Jack*, how often do we feel disposed to ill-humour! and how many instances of bad habits do we see, where boys have been too much indulged!

Papa

Papa says, that " school is a little world ; where we
" should observe others, not to criticise or condemn
" their errors, but to shun them ourselves."

—— " What is it to be wise ?

" To see all others faults and feel our own."

I think he said the lines were in *Pope's* works.

But, to descend from my divinity chair.

Did you ever read *Gray's* Elegy written in a country church-yard ? if you have read it, you will not grudge these few lines a place in my letter.

" Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
" Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap ;
" Each in his narrow cell for ever laid
" The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
" The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
" The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
" The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn
" No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

" For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 " Nor busy housewife ply her evening care;
 " No children run to lisp their fire's return
 " Or climb his knees the envy'd kifs to share."

What a length is my letter! when writing to you,
 I know not when to break off—being,

Dear Jack, &c.

L E T T E R XIII.

Master BROTHERTON to Master BOISCOT.

I NEVER think your letters long, nor do I believe
 that you wish those you receive from me shorter;
 yet, I am forced to restrain my pen when it is once
 engaged with spirit in copying from a favorite author.

Tamson describes the various birds collecting materials
 for their nests; the "patient dam" sitting on her

eggs till the "callow young come to light," "a
"helpless family demanding food with constant
"clamour."

———"O what passions then,
"What melting sentiments of kindly care,
"On the new parents seize! away they fly,
"Affectionate, and undesiring bear
"The most delicious morsel to their young;
"Which equally distributed again
"The search begins; even so a gentle pair,
"By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
"And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
"In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
"Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,
"Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
"Check their own appetites, and give them all."

Proceeding, the poet remarks the courage and art
inspired by love to their young.

A friend of mine asserts, that the encouragement
given to boys to destroy the labours of these poor little

innocent creatures, and deprive them of their tender nestlings, is often productive of much evil in future life.—“ Can we wonder to see men cruel, oppressive, unjust, when we suffer children to be so?” Thus she talked one day to my mamma, then repeated those lines in *Shenstone* :

“ He ne’er could be true she aver’d

“ Who could rob a poor bird of its young.”

By the way, my papa never made himself famous in exploits of this kind. He repeated these lines from *Tomson* :

——“ When, returning with her loaded bill,

“ Th’astonish’d mother finds a vacant nest,

——“ To the ground the vain provision falls.

——“ She sings her sorrows.”——

I could transcribe with pleasure all that the poet says of birds, but my papa has fixed a time for us to walk

walk with him, and I hear the clock giving warning to strike. So excuse an abrupt

Adieu.

L E T T E R XIV.

Master BROTHERTON to Master BOLSCOT.

I CONCLUDED so hastily, when I wrote last, that I did not say a word of affection, but, that I trust you are confident of. To say truth, I resume my pen, not to convince, or assure you of my love; but to give you the pleasure of a few more lines from *Tomson.*

Summer evening. Each day is an idle blank to the idle, a *fight of horror to the wicked!*

“ But to the generous still improving mind,
 “ That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 “ Diffusing kind beneficence around,
 “ Boastless, as now descends the silent dew;

“ To him the long review of order'd life

“ Is inward rapture, only to be felt.”

The seasons are very entertaining, and at the same time calculated to instil the love of virtue. *Tomson* often describes, what I should call, an elegant morality; what I think *Prior* somewhere intimates:

“ The better part should set before them

“ A grace, a manner, a decorum,

“ Something, that gives their acts a light,

“ Makes them not only good, but bright;

“ For 'tis in life, as 'tis in painting;

“ Much may be right, yet much be wanting.”

We go to school soon; when do you come?

As my holidays draw near a conclusion, I feel some reluctance to seclude myself long in my closet, writing; for a very obvious reason, to you, whose own heart throbs with filial and fraternal affection. I suppose we shall meet soon, if not, write to

Your affectionate friend,

J. BROTHERTON.

L E T.

L E T T E R XV.

Master BOISCOT to *Master* BROTHERTON.

DEAR JACK,

I SUPPOSE you are at school by this time, and I know that a letter from one who loves you, will be a comfort.

Pray give my love to dear *Ned*. I recommend the care of my garden to him, till I come; he is active to defend my plants; and you will secure my books in your closet. Thus I shall have the pleasure to be assisted by two beloved friends—and give them the satisfaction of being useful to me.

Mrs. *Teachwell* (my sister's governess) gave me a sweet passage from *Plutarch's* *Morals*, on brotherly love.

“ Brothers, should be like the fingers on a hand;
“ each in his station assist the other, and when there

“ is occasion for them all to exert their abilities, all
“ should move in concert; and so, mutually con-
“ tribute to the general good.”

I copy from memory, and make some addition; I
am charmed with the comparison.

How tender and pretty is the thought in this simple
line of *Watts*!

“ Birds, in their little nests agree!”

You know the rest.

I am thinking how boys at school, and men in the
great world might promote the happiness of each
other, if they would be guided by such maxims. If,
instead of being angry, that all characters were not
alike, they would avail themselves of the good qua-
lities in each individual, and love each for the merits
he possessed. I ought to add, that each must watch
over himself, and correct his faults.

Who knows them?

We are apt to wink and avoid seeing our own.

What is to be done?

Our friends must point them out.

Are you not angry on such occasions?

If you can honestly say, that you feel no resentment when a friendly companion hints to you an error, I pronounce you a wise boy, and trust you will be a good man.

Your, &c.

K.

Master BROTHERTON to Master BOISCOT.

From my CLOSET at SCHOOL.

YOUR letter found us at *Putney*. Happy *Ned*! settled, and weeding his garden; poor *Jack*! sighing, and looking with a heavy heart round the shelves in our closet. It was kind to address me so soon. I thank you, the letter really dispersed my grief; and now, though I feel pensive, I begin to enjoy my pen and books; and rather to meditate with pleasure on
your

your approach, than weep at the reflection on the friends I have left.

Happy *Ned*! I repeat. His is truly, "The tear forgot as soon as shed;"—and may he enjoy "the sun-shine of the breast,"—for he is of a sweet, generous disposition, and loves his friends as tenderly as we who sob so often in private after quitting them.

Boisot! did you ever look at the moon, and reflect with melancholy pleasure, and with a cheerful sigh—that that same moon shone into the parlour at home? If not, I am more poetically sad than you.

Now, if I know myself, I ought to strive against an excess of tender melancholy, rather than indulge it.

Am I right?

Will not such an excess be apt to lessen my power of being useful to my friends in future life?

My best example unites the melting tenderness of a woman, to the firmness and activity of a man. He performs all the tender offices of charity and friendship with a bleeding heart;—but I see others, whose eyes, like his, water at distress; who never, like him, take pains to relieve it.

I some-

I somewhere met with these lines taken from *Cato*.

“ I’ll gaze for ever on thy godlike father !

“ Transplanting one by one into my life

“ His virtues, until I shine like him.”

My application is obvious. I alter the pronoun in the first line—and my heart glows when I sign the name of

BROTHERTON.

P. S. I can not refrain from giving you a few lines from a very old poem, addressed to a lady by her lover.

“ What though no grants from royal donors,

“ With pompous titles grace our blood ;

“ We’ll shine in more substantial honors,

“ And to be noble, we’ll be good.

“ Still

- “ Still shall each kind returning season
“ Sufficient for our wishes give ;
“ For we will live a life of reason ;
“ And that’s the only life to live.
“ Through youth, through age, in love excelling,
“ We’ll hand in hand together tread !
“ Sweet peace shall crown our homely dwelling ;
“ And babes, sweet smiling babes ! our bed.
“ How should I love the pretty creatures !
“ While round my knees they fondly clung ;
“ To see them look their mother’s features,
“ To hear them lisp their mother’s tongue.”

Adieu.

L E T T E R XVII.

Master BOISCOT to Master BROTHERTON.

DEAR JACK,

I AM very happy to know, that my letters give you so much comfort ; and I shall feel the less concern at leaving

leaving *K* — because my journey will end in finding you. I am not, however, coming straight to *Putney*: but going a little round in *Norfolk* first. How delighted should I be, could you be of the party!

Let me know who is come to school, and all particulars relative to our companions. I would write a few lines, that you might know where I was to be; but I have my books (and such things) to pack which I am to bring with me. Among others, I shall bring a blank book; my papa has given it to me, for you and me to fill with such passages as we like, and our own remarks, or those of other people.

Direct to me in *London*, for we shall be there in a week, and I am to stay a few days there, before you will see

Your affectionate Friend,

BOISCOT.

LET-

L E T T E R XVIII.

Master BROTHERTON to Master BOISCOT.

DEAR BOISCOT,

I ENJOY the thought of your tour, and this weather is so favorable, that I hope it will be very agreeable. I should rejoice to be with you indeed ! Next to the pleasure of seeing in partnership, is that of reading an account of a friend's travels. I wish you had told me your rout, that I might have accompanied you in imagination. As my ideas are lively, I should have seen you with my " mind's eye."

The *Wrangles* are come. *Dick* and *Tom* fought the day after they came, about their garden-tools, and *Dick* has got a black eye.

Will Steady improves very fast—you know he seemed dull ; but if he be not bright, I am sure his application makes ample amends. He is second in his class.

Harry

Harry Idle is degraded, and deservedly—he did not know a word of his task.

Wilman goes on as usual; he is in disgrace now for going on the *Thames* in a boat, when he was visiting at a friend's house.

Billy Gentle grows more amiable daily. Your absence, perhaps, makes me seek other society more, and I find him very good-humoured and kind.

We have all entered into an agreement not to speak to *Dick Savage* this week.—I repeat it with horror! he plucked the breast of a poor bird that he keeps in a cage. The master ought to know it.

Ned got into a little scrape last week. He and *Jack Frisk* clapped some court plaister over *Ben Sullen's* brows and cheeks to surprise him when he awoke; (his eyes could not suffer any injury.) *Sullen* is of so gloomy a temper that no boy loves him, and he could not learn who did it; he went and complained to the usher, who ordered a task to all the school, till the discovery should be made; yet were these two boys safe, for all the school loves them for their harmless merriment. As soon as *Jack* and my brother returned from

from some little idle prank in which they had been engaged, and heard this severe edict; they went to Mr. *Birch* and confessed; each desiring to bear the whole punishment. He had threatened a whipping; but he acquitted both with honor, for their ingenuous conduct.

Would you think it! though they asked *Sullen's* pardon, with a frank good-humoured assurance, that they meant only a playful trick; yet he flunk away full of malice, the boys all hissing after him, and clapping their hands at the good-tempered solicitude of the others to be reconciled.

I expect a long letter, with an account of all you have seen.

Ned sends his love.

Believe me,

Your, &c.

J. B.

LET.

L E T T E R XIX.

Master Boiscot to Master Brotherton.

DEAR JACK,

I HAVE seen variety of entertaining sights—they are swimming before my eyes in confusion, so that I know not where to begin.

Castle Acre. Castle, Abbey.

Fine ruins.

Narford.—*Mr. Fontaine's.*—A multitude of curiosities collected by *Sir Andrew Fontaine.* Medals, precious stones, drawings, engravings, &c.

A large closet full of fine old delph, from designs of *Raphael.*

Blickling: a fine old seat of *Lord Buckinghamshire's.*

Wolterton: a seat of *Lord Walpole's.*

Holkham: a noble house very highly finished, now the seat of *Mr. Coke.*

Houghton : a stately house built of stone—it looks grand, but stands in a dull park, though within, it is enchanting!—such a collection of valuable paintings! I could write ten sheets of admiration:—perhaps I may bring you a paper of my remarks.

Alas! the pictures are going into *Russia*!

Castle Rising.—The ruins of a *Norman* castle standing on a high hill.

I ran up the remains of a stair-case with great pleasure; and, I think, wished more for you at these ruins, and those of the other castle than any where. You are a piece of an antiquary, and there is something so venerable in the remains of an old building, that I am delighted to see them.

My sister and I were the only children—she is too reserved to pretend to talk on such subjects before company; but we were very happy to converse together in the evening of each day: and to enquire of my papa and mamma many particulars.

If I did not so soon expected to see you, I would tell you more—as it is, I will reserve the rest to entertain you *de vive voix*.

Your's,

BOISCOT.

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